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not to cry unto the Lord our God for us." They believed that the prayers of the prophet would prevail; and they were not disappointed. Here, Sir, is an example of a people peacefully assembled, but unexpectedly attacked, trusting in God for deliverance. And was it a vain confidence? No; God was their helper; he saved them,—not by their sword nor their bow. Samuel was a man of peace; and surely Israel never had a better judge.

Now, Mr. President, let us apply the subject of trusting in God for protection in times of peril, to individuals. Might not a man of peace, a minister of the gospel, a missionary in foreign lands, unarmed, go to and fro in the earth with safety; and with far more safety, than if it were known that he carried in his hand the weapons of death? But what if these perils be unavoidable? Then let him follow in the footsteps of our divine Redeemer, and, if he must die by violence, enjoy the honors of martyrdom. He would thus make an impression upon this dark world, which its malice and power could not efface. A Moravian missionary, in the desolate regions of the north, laboring for the salvation of the Esquimaux, was attacked by a savage. The Indian pointed a loaded gun at his bosom, and was ready to lay him a corpse at his feet. The missionary, with the gentleness of a lamb, and with the moral courage and faith of a Christian, looked the Indian full in the face, and said, "you cannot shoot me, unless Jesus Christ permit you." The countenance of the savage fell, his gun fell, and he turned and went away. Now who can tell to what extent the God of peace would interpose to protect the sons of peace who trusted in him? I hope, Sir, the resolution just read will be adopted, and that the great and pure principles of peace and good-will to men, will soon be universally triumphant in this wicked world.

WAR AND WOMEN:

Or the Maid of Ciudad Rodrigo.

WAR has a fearful ubiquity of mischief. The soldier is not its sole victim, nor the field of battle the only scene of its woes; but it sweeps like a moral simoom over the peaceful families of every place which it visits, and leaves not a few of them in sorrow and utter desolation.

"Passing through a narrow street of Ciudad Rodrigo," says Kennedy in his *Recollections of the War in Spain*, "I heard the shriek of a female. Looking up, we saw at an open lattice, by the light of the lamp she bore, a girl about sixteen, her hair and dress disordered, her expressive olive countenance marked by anguish and extreme terror. A savage in scarlet uniform dragged her backward, accompanying the act with the vilest execrations in English. We entered the court-yard, where the hand of rapine had spared us the necessity of forcing a passage. My companions were brave, conscientious men, with the resoluteness that, in military life, almost invariably accompanies these qualifications. Armed for whatever might ensue, they kept steadily by me until we arrived at a sort of corridor, some distance from the extremity of which issued the tones of the same feminine voice, imploring mercy, in the Spanish tongue. Springing

forward, my foot slipped into a pool of blood. Before I could recover, the door of the apartment whither we were hurrying opened, and two soldiers of my own company discharged their muskets at us, slightly wounding one of the gallant Scots. Intemperance had blinded the ruffians, and frustrated their murderous intentions. We felled them to the ground, and penetrated into the chamber.

The room wherein we stood had been devoted to the festivities of a retired family of moderate fortune. It contained the remains of those decent elegances that properly appertain to the stranger's apartment in a dwelling of the middle class. Mutilated pictures, and fragments of expensive mirrors, strewed the floor, which was uncarpeted, and formed of different kinds of wood curiously tessellated. An ebony cabinet, doubtless a venerable heir-loom, had suffered as if from the stroke of a sledge. An antique sideboard lay overturned; a torn mantilla dropped on a sofa, ripped, and stained with wine. The white drapery, on which fingers steeped in gore had left their traces, hung raggedly from the walls.

On investigation, the sergeants found the dead body of a domestic, whose fusil and dagger showed that he had fought for the roof that covered him. His beard had been burned, in derision, with gunpowder. One of his ears was cut off, and thrust into his mouth. In a garret recess, for the storage of fruit, two female servants were hidden, who could scarcely be persuaded that they had nothing to fear. Having flown thither at the approach of the ferocious intruders, they had suffered neither insult nor injury. They came to a room where I lingered over an object unconscious, alas! of my commiseration; and, in accents half choked by sobs, called upon Donna Clara. I pointed to the alcove where the heart-broken lady had flung herself on the bleeding corpse of her grey-haired father. She, too, might have had a sheltering place, could her filial piety have permitted her to remain there when her high-spirited sire feebly strove to repel the violators of his hearth.

Master of a few Spanish phrases, I used them in addressing some words of comfort to the ill-starred girl. They were to her as the song of the summer-bird carolled to despair; her sole return was a faintly-recurring plaint, that seemed to say, 'Let my soul depart in peace.' I motioned to her attendants to separate her from the beloved source of her unutterable sorrow. They could not comply without the application of force approaching to violence. Bidding them desist, I signified a desire that they should procure some restorative. The sergeants withdrew. One of the women held the lamp; the other gently elevated her mistress's head. Kneeling by the couch in the alcove, I poured a little of the liquor into a glass, and applied it to her lips; then took it away, till I had concealed my uniform beneath the torn mantilla.

Affliction, thou hast long been my yoke-fellow; thou hast smitten the core of my being with a frequent and a heavy hand; but I bless an all-wise and all-merciful God, who tries that he may temper us, that I have not a second time been doomed to witness aught so crushing to the soul, so overwhelming in woe, as the situation of the young creature over whom I watched on the baleful night of our victory. She had baffled, with a might exceeding her sex's strength, against nameless indignities, and she bore the marks of the conflict.

Her maiden attire was rent into shapelessness; her brow was bruised and swollen; her abundant hair, almost preternaturally black, streamed wildly over her bosom, revealing, in its interstices, fresh waving streaks of crimson, which confirmed the tale of ultra-barbarian outrage. Her cheek had borrowed the same fatal hue from the neck of her slaughtered parent, to whom, in her insensibility, she clung with love strong as death.

Through the means adopted, she gave token of revival. Her hand had retained a small gold cross, and she raised it to her lips. The closed lids were slowly expanded from her large dark eyes; a low, agonizing moan followed. I hastened to present the wine. In the act, the mantilla fell from the arm which conveyed the glass; appallingly she shrieked—became convulsed—passed from fit to fit—expired!"

LITERARY NOTICES.

1. *Dr. Allen's Second Letter to Mr. Ladd.*

DR. ALLEN claims for this letter, as he did for the first, a place in the Advocate; but we doubt whether justice or courtesy would require us to comply with such a demand made in such a way. He has furnished us with no copy of either letter, nor even shown us the common respect of sending a private note to request their insertion; but merely published them in a newspaper, and then left us to hunt them up as we could. We did so with the first, but found so much difficulty, that we do not feel much inclined to take the same trouble for the second. Indeed, we hardly feel at liberty to tax our readers with some fifteen or twenty pages of personal replies, and special pleadings that have little, if any thing, to do with the point at issue. We wish to ascertain whether the gospel sanctions or condemns war; and on this point Dr. Allen's last letter contains no argument, or important thought, not found in the first.

We are quite sure that Dr. Allen will not complain of this course. He has had every advantage he could desire. He made his appeal to popular prejudices in such a way, that it was impossible to meet the poison with a timely antidote; and the religious press betrayed its temper on the general subject by allowing Mr. Ladd only *three or four columns to answer more than ten*. Such restriction obliged him to say so little on the main point, that we shall at our leisure resume it, but not in the way of reply to this or any other attack.

Our readers will remember the motive of Dr. Allen's attack upon our Society—our preservation from utter ruin by the obnoxious